I meane the Earle of Wiltſhire, *Buſhy*, *Greene*,
Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeiz'd the waſtefull King.
What pitty is it, that he hath not trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare;
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruite-trees,
Leaſt being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe?
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite throwne downe.
Ser. VVhat thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Yorke*,
That tell blacke tidings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death, through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh tongue ſound this unpleaſing newes?
What *Eve*, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay King *Richard* is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better thing then earth)
Divine his downefall? Say where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſt

Poſt you to London, and you'l finde it ſo,
I ſpeake no more, then every one doth know.
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that know it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this? that my ſad looke
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt may never grow. *Exit.*
Gard. Poore Queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Here did ſhe drop a teare, here in this place
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, (ſowre Herbe of Grace:)
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bul. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy mind;
VVhat thou doſt know of Noble *Gloſters* death,
VVho wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his timeleſſe end,
Bag. Then ſet before my face the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bul. Coſin, ſtand forth and looke upon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to unſay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when *Gloſters* death was plotted,